

Brigham City, Utah. Dec. 1, 1912.

The following is a sketch of my father's and mother's life:

My father, William Howell, was born September 15, 1816. His birth place was St. Donnats, South Wales, Glamorgenshire. He was the first missionary to spread the gospel in France, and he organized a branch of six members in St. Mallows; was with Brother Taylor, Bolton and Pack at the discussion in Paris, France.

He filled an honorable mission and when he was released to come to Utah in the year 1850, while crassing the sea, homeward bound, on the ship Olympus, he baptized 50 persons. He was also President of the saints coming over. My father was not a very strong man, and when he arrived at Council Bluffs he was worn out and he died there November 21, 1851. Brother Orson Hyde, one of the Twelve Apostles, and Brother Benson, also one of the Twelve, were both with him before he passed away.

My mother, Martha Williams, was born in 1815, South Wales, Glamorganshire. Her father, Reese Williams, was the owner of a coal mine, and he gave her, in connection with his other children, an allowance of money every three months, so they were in a measure independent

When my father went to France to do missionary work, the Church in Wales was in its infancy and they had no money with which to carry on the work, such as publishing tracts in the French Language, etc., so my mother gave her allowance to my father in order that the work could be done. Her father was very bitter against the Mormons and when he heard that she was doing this he became angry and went up to Abberdeer where my mother was living; his object being to change his will and cut my mother off as one of his heirs. He sent word by her brother to that effect.. These were her brother's words: "My sister you know that your store is going down. You will soon be bankrupt on account of your joining the Mormon Church. The people will not disgrace themselves by coming to your store. My father is going to have his will changed so you will be penniless.

Think of this seriously, my sister. Promise my mother that you will not send your money any more." My mother told him to wait for her answer. She went up stairs and knelt down and implored her Heavenly Father to give her wisdom to know what to do. She spoke in words like this: "What will I do, my father is going to cut me off from his will, then I will not be able to send my husband money to carry on the work in France." She heard a voice by her side telling her not to worry or to notice this threat but to go to meeting that night and all would be well. She went down stairs and told her brother that she could not make him any promise; that she would not go back on her religion and if her father did do as he said he was going to she could not help it. "Oh, what a foolish woman you are," he said. He bid her good bye and took the news to her father and it made him very angry. He took his cane and hit the table with it saying. "Before this time tomorrow I will make her penniless!" That night he went to bed well and hearty and my mother went to the Prayer meeting. She communicated her trouble to no one, but the first one who spoke in tongues said, "Now my daughter who is in trouble concerning her financial affairs be comforted for the Lord is going to work all things for the best." She knew immediately that it was for her. She thought perhaps the Lord would soften her father's heart so she felt that all would be well. After going home and retiring to her bed she heard a loud knock at the door; she ran down stairs and found her brother there. He said, "Martha, come quick and see your father, he has sent for you for he is dying. She went down to the place where he was stopping, ran up stairs to hear what he had to say but was too late for he had died. He had raised his arm to thwart the purposes of the Almighty and this was his fate.

Instead of being cut off in the will she got her full share, and she said, "This all goes towards the building up of the Church in France. She came to Utah in 1852; went through the hardships of Pioneer life and poverty for eight years, finally she got word that there was a great deal of money put away for her in the Chancery and President Brigham Young counseled her to go back for it and he loaned her money to pay her passage. When she came back to Utah she emigrated thirteen people. She died in Wellsville at about the age of 63, faithful to the end.

Ann Shoult Burt

Salt Lake City, Utah.

January 24th, 1913.

I, Oleen N. Stohl, declare that I am personally acquainted with Ann Howell Burt, whose name is attached to the foregoing document, and I hereby certify that it is her signature.

Oleen N. Stohl
Brigham City, Utah.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day
of January, 1913.

Arthur Winter

Notary Public.